BRITISH MUSEUM

DEATH's A FRIEND.

ERRATA.

VOL. I

Page 12, line 16, for practiſe, read *practiſed.*
----- 33, line 2, for thoſe, read *there.*
----- 66, line 2, for tho' the, read *and the.*
----- 77, line 9, for having, read *loving.*
----- 81, line 3, for preſent, read *prevent.*
----- 93, line 12, for realy, read *nearly.*

VOL. II.

Page 118, line 13, for honour, read *honeſt.*
----- 121, line 4, for fears, read *tears.*
----- 132, line 4, for taſte, for *take.*

DEATH's a FRIEND,

A NOVEL.

BY THE

AUTHOR of the BASTARD,

&c. &c.

VOL. I.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forſakes;
I woo thee death;---In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay ſongſter rove, and gently trill
The ſtrains of empty joy-- life and its joys
I leave to thoſe who prize them.

PORTEOUS.

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEATH's A FRIEND.

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

CHARLES MACKENSIE.

YOU profess your astonishment my dear Mackensie, at my long silence, and unkindly attribute it to a want of friendship, when it proceeds from the real anguish of my soul, and the cruel impossibility of ever obtaining, the dear, the lovely object, which my fond heart so doatingly adores. You condemn

the impetuosity, the madness as you term it of my passions, and affections. I glory in it, and more than equally despise your cool, Philosophic, calm indifference. I was born to feel every sensation in the most violent extreme; and tho' I suffer at this time, agonies, which your constitution keeps you exempt from, and ignorant of the force of, I would rather be their eternal victim, than be only capable of lukewarm emotions. You smile at my folly, as you term it; persevere in your opinion, I can never alter mine. You know to what a degree I adore Miss Elliot, every feeling

of

of a heart naturally violent, and ſuſceptible, was centered in her. Every paſſion gave way to love. I forgot the endeavour to improve a fortune which was too confined for the liberality of my heart; I forgot the ardent deſire which I before entertained of embracing the profeſſion of Arms. I forgot every thing but her, and the wiſh to render myſelf beloved, but alas! I never ſucceeded. The ſincerity and ardour of my paſſion, impeded, and prevented the ſucceſs of it: and whilſt I ſtrove to inſpire in her boſom ſimilar ſenſations, ſhe trembled at the impetuoſity of mine. The wild impatience

of my tenderneſs frightened her, and whilſt ſhe alone occupied each thought, and wiſh, I was conſidered as an object of terror and averſion; this was enough to deſtroy me, but I ſtruggled againſt it. I roſe ſuperior to that misfortune, nor ſuffered the weight of it entirely to depreſs and overwhelm me, but this laſt miſery of which you are ignorant, has overcome my fortitude, and almoſt hurried me to madneſs and deſperation. Tell me not that the impoſſibility of poſſeſſing, ſhould enable me to conquer my paſſion, Charles, Charles, that is weak reaſoning, and originates from a tran-

quil

quil mind; beſides how idle, how fallacious is ſuch argument, and how totally inconſiſtent with that reaſon of which you boaſt ſo much: was I likely to obtain her my diſtreſs, and deſpair would then be abſurd, and ridiculous, but it is that very impoſſibility which you wiſh to perſuade me ſhould triumph over my paſſion, that encreaſes the force of it, and ſinks me into deſpondency. How eaſy is it to adviſe with a heart at reſt. You never loved: and thoſe feelings from which our own natures are exempt, we weakly imagine it an eaſy taſk for others to overcome. But let *me* tell you, that

your too great benevolence is more then your fortune can ſupport, that your Philoſophic reſearches are injurious to your health, that you ſhould ſuppreſs that extreme ſenſibility, that lively commiſeration, for the afflictions of others, which tortures your heart with miſeries not its own, was I to ſay this, would you not laugh at and deſpiſe me? Yet my dear friend, you ſee by your perſeverance, that you impair your fortune, health, and happineſs: ceaſe then I conjure you to condemn me, but as happineſs is not the lot of mortality, permit every one to be wretched that way which their inclinations

clination leads them; for as Gray ſays,

" To each his ſufferings, all are men,
" Condemn'd alike to groan:
" The tender for anothers pain,
" The unfeeling for his own."

You have frequently expreſſed your approbation of my brothers conduct, of that calm ſedateneſs of diſpoſition which he poſſeſſed, and the abſolute dominion which he had acquired over his paſſions. Deluded Men! how eaſy are we the dupe of appearances, and of what uſe is our boaſted reaſon, when we are ſo frequently ſlaves of impoſition. I had not at that time any thing to offer in oppo-

fition

ſition to what you advanced, but the difference of our age, he you know is full fifteen years older then me, of courſe he had been longer converſant with the world: and I have heard you frequently ſay, that a long acquaintance, or familiarity with any thing, deadens the acuteneſs of our feelings towards it. I imagined that to be his caſe: and attributed his ſeeming inſenſibility to that cauſe. Alas! he had other motives—Motives which have deſtroyed and ruined me for ever. But to be more coherent. You know that I believed Miſs Elliot to be an Orphan; as ſuch ſhe conſidered herſelf,

I knew

I knew her fortune was but a ſmall one, and tho' my own was not ſo affluent as for her ſake I could have wiſhed, I thought if ſhe could love like me, we muſt be happy. My Father had ſeveral advantageous offers of marriage made to him on my account, but I reſolutely perſevered in rejecting them all, had I been unacquainted with Miſs Elliot I ſhould not have acted otherwiſe, for I never would profeſs a paſſion I did not feel, for the poſſeſſion of millions. I am not entirely free from youthful ambition, but I ſcorn mercenary deſigns, and am above every ſelfiſh, intereſted

view.

view. But I wander from the ſubject, I had kept my brother entirely ignorant of my acquaintance with Miſs Elliot, till by accident he diſcovered a letter of mine to her. I ſhudder to think of the dreadful explanation which followed. Oh Charles pity me when I tell you, that ſhe is his daughter by a private marriage. He had when very young been united to the daughter of an Officer, but knowing the warmth and implacability of my Fathers reſentment, he had carefully conceal-it from his knowledge. His wife in the firſt year introduced into the world the object of my unfortunate paſſion,

paſſion, and in leſs then another quitted it herſelf. To conceal the child effectually from my Father, my Brother had her always called by her mother's name; and the family in which ſhe was placed believed her to be an orphan. My Brother expreſſed the utmoſt compaſſion for my diſtreſs, and aſked with a kind of trembling impatience, if his Daughter was ſenſible of my affection. When I aſſured him of the contrary, notwithſtanding every endeavour to conceal it, I could plainly diſcern that he was leſs affected at my grief, than delighted

that

that ſhe was inſenſible of my tenderneſs. He began to read me a long Lecture on the government of my paſſions; he told me it was far more meritorious to overcome our own unwarrantable deſires, than to ſubdue a world; that the greateſt hero muſt be wretched in the midſt of conqueſt, if he was a ſlave to himſelf, and that the moſt abject ſlave would ſtill be free, if he was able to conquer his own frailties and errors. My patience entirely forſook me, I could not bear it any longer, but ſuddenly ſtarted up; if you ſir, ſaid I, had practiſe what you with ſo much coolneſs and moderation

deration preach up to me, this deſſertation would have been ſpared; for had you ſacrificed your paſſion to filial obedience, I ſhould neither have wanted your commiseration or advice, ſaying this I left him, nor waited for his anſwer, Now think Charles if I have not cauſe for grief, too great was the oppoſition which the lovely Olivia herſelf gave to my paſſion, there needed not the laws of heaven and nature againſt it; it was ſurely ſufficient to curſe and deſtroy me, that it ſhould be hopeleſs, and unfortunate, without being alſo ſinful and criminal. My Father is ignorant

of the circumſtance of my Brother's marriage, but Miſs Elliot knows him for her Father, and me for her uncle; Curſt relationſhip! but what moſt wounds me, and diſtracts my heart, is the pleaſure which ſhe evidently ſhews at my no longer being allowed to declare my paſſion, ſhe delights in the cruel barrier that ſeperates us, and feels no commiſeration for the moſt wretched, moſt impaſſioned, and moſt faithful of mankind. Oh Charles to what frailty, or cruelty in our diſpoſitions, and nature is it owing, that we are ever inſenſible to the pains of a paſſion which

we do not return. I have ſeen Olivia ſympathize with every other diſtreſs; I have ſeen her mourn with the afflicted, and unfortunate but yet tho' I hourly die for her, tho' ſhe knows that I am a prey to deſpair and miſery, yet is ſhe regardleſs of my ſufferings, nor pities the ſevereſt anguiſh which human nature can ſuſtain: is it that the aſſiduities, the ſolicitudes of love, when coming from thoſe we behold with indifference, are diſguſting, and hateful to us? Can the tenderest and moſt fervent paſſion of the human heart, be ever unpitied even by the moſt tender? Strange incon-

ſiſtency! For every other diſappointment we meet with commiſeration; and yet love is the only one that effectually baniſhes our peace: if my ambitious, my intereſted views are fruſtrated, I meet with conſolation from ſome other paſſion, ſome other purſuit, if my health is impaired, in the kindneſs; the anxious tenderneſs of my friends, I forget every pain;—but if I doat on one who beholds me with indifference there is no longer peace, or tranquillity for me—every paſſion is abſorbed in that; nor is there an avocation, or ſtudy which can baniſh it from the mind, nor an enjoyment

ment which can compenſate, or re-compense one for that loſs; it renders us inſenſible to every bleſſing of Life, and gives additional force to every misfortune; what human occurrence could give me pain if I was beloved, I could even ſupport the certainty of never poſſeſſing her, nay even if I was at liberty to declare my paſſion, I think I ſhould be contented—is it an unnatural affection? ſurely not my dear Charles, and if it is, how am I culpable?—they are ſenſations which are enforced on me, they are not my own choice, how unjuſt is the world, were the circumſtances of my

generally known, every one would condemn the wretched Seymour for his ill-fated paſſion for his Neice; they would ſay that the laws of nature and religion were violated, and because I am miſerable, accuse me of guilt—is my love a crime? ſure I am that it has effectually deſtroyed me: — you urge me to overcome it, it would be a vain attempt, a fruitleſs endeavour, beſides it is the very nature of that paſſion, that those who are moſt ſtrongly attached are the greateſt ſufferers, and there is an infatuation ever attending it, that let it occaſion us the ſevereſt pains we never wiſh

wiſh to regain our tranquillity by indifference, this may appear inconſiſtent to you who never loved, but I that ſpeak from experience, can aſſure you it is an indisputable truth, and before we can form a wiſh to forget, it is more than half accompliſhed; I believe it to be also the case in every ſtrong ſensation of the heart, for if we conceive an antipathy to any one however powerful the motives may be which ſhould make us wiſh to regard them, we cannot in reality deſire to conquer our averſion. To love Olivia is no crime, but do not imagine that I ſhall

attempt

to deny but the gratification of it would be ſinful. In my opinion no man can be truly virtuous, whoſe natural propenſities are not vicious, he may be negatively good, but if he has not in his heart incitements to vice, he ſacrifices nothing to virtue, and only acts conformable to his own inclinations; ſome have an eaſineſs of diſpoſition, which pardons every injury because they are incapable of reſentment, and the harbouring of it is painful to themſelves; I do not deny but this is a happy temperament of mind, but the poſſeſſor of it would be vain and abſurd

to

to arrogate to himself any merit from it, in my opinion it would be more than infantine folly. But how different, how far more meritorious is that mans conduct, who feels in the higheſt degree every indignity and injuſtice committed againſt himſelf, whose diſpoſition is revengeful, and implacable, and yet who from reaſon, and the conviction that the indulgence of every unſocial paſſion is criminal conquers and ſubdues it—ſuch a man I will allow to be vain, but a man like that is incapable of vanity. Will not the ſame argument extend to every paſſion—undoubtedly

undoubtedly it will; he who has not ſtrong inclinations for women, poſſeſſes no merit in not being a ſenſualiſt, as he who loves not wine has no virtue in being ſober; yet we almoſt all indulge the moſt prevalent deſire of our hearts, yet dare to reprobate our friends, and acquaintance for not conquering theirs; and because it happens to be different from ours, and we feel no wiſh to indulge in the exceſſes that are moſt pleaſing and ſeducing to them, we conceive the taſk to be eaſy, and boaſt of our own forbearance, when perhaps it is what is quite contrary and abhor-

rent

to our nature, and inclinations. I fear my dear Mackenſie you will think that I am reducing virtue to a very ſmall compaſs, indeed when I conſider the unlimited indulgence which we almoſt all, give to our favourite paſſion, I may ſay that I entirely baniſh it—however that may be, I ſhall allways perſevere in my preſent opinion, and in that regard for you, which is the only conſolation left to the unhappy,

Henry Seymour,

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Eſq.
TO
HENRY SEYMOUR, Eſq.

I can aſſure my dear Seymour that I ſincerely ſympathize with his unhappineſs; and at the ſame time am too well convinced that all arguments of conſolation would be entirely fruitleſs, as you are reſolved to perſevere in a paſſion which will terminate in your deſtruction. Do not think me unfeeling, when I tell you, that I conſider the diſcovery of your relation-

ſhip

ſhip to her; as far from being an unfortunate circumſtance, it undoubtedly will furniſh you with additional motives to enable you to overcome your paſſion; you lament that you cannot ſpeak to her on that ſubject, you ought rather to rejoice at it, as the leſs you allow yourſelf to dwell on the recollection the more likely you are to triumph over it. When you had the uncontrouled liberty of declaring your ſentiments, what return did you receive, or what impreſsion did you make on her heart? had ſhe ever conſented to be yours, ſhe would have been for-

ced to a compliance by your importunities, not won by your affection, would ſuch a conſtrained acquiescence have ſatisfied a mind like yours, that is at once ardent and delicate, and only to be made happy, by ſympathetic ardour, and a mutuality of tenderneſs and ſentiment; no my dearest Henry you deceive yourſelf if you imagine otherwise; truſt me had not nature placed an unconquerable barrier between you, you never could have been happy, 'tis the heart, the concurring mind, the reciprocation of endearments and mutual fondneſs, that alone

makes

makes our intercourse with the woman that we love delightful, to poſſeſs her on any other terms, ſinks the connection to worse than brutal, you ought my dear friend to be pleased that ſhe is indifferent to you; did ſhe love you there would be her diſtreſſes added to your own, and you never would be able to rise ſuperior to this weakneſs. My dear friend, you bring the indulgence I give to my feelings as a reason why I ſhould extenuate yours; there is not any motive to induce me to combat mine. Can you with equal juſtice ſay the ſame? you

tell me that my liberality is more than my fortune can ſupport; I deny it, I have every convenience, every requiſite of life, and only reſign what would procure me the idle luxuries, and diſſipated ſuperfluous pleaſures, of it, to ſatisfy the real wants and neceſſities of others. Is that injuring my fortune? no my Henry, 'tis improving it in the moſt laudable manner, 'tis exempting my heart from regret, remorse and diſappointment, and purchaſing real happineſs, and ſincere, uncmbittered pleaſure. Next you ſay that my Philoſophic reſearches are injurious to my health: the

human

human mind muſt be occupied, and if our thoughts are entirely idle, for want of other employment they turn upon ourſelves, and torment us with ideal miſeries, and fancied ills; pardon me if I ſay that I am apprehenſive that is in ſome meaſure your caſe:—Heaven has placed me in a ſituation, and bleſſed me with a contented mind which ſaves me from every ſelfiſh diſtreſs; but ſhall I for that reaſon be inſenſible to the pains, the miſeries of others? ſhall I because I am happy myſelf, regard with indifference the wretchedneſs of my fellow creatures? Heaven implanted

in every human breaſt the ſocial ſentiments of pity, and compaſſion, and as we are all in ſome meaſure dependent on each other, thoſe feelings are neceſſary to induce us to afford our relief, and aſſiſtance; we all feel it—and I muſt believe, that nothing but a long aſſociation with the worſt part of mankind, and having often experienced treachery, and ingratitude, can efface that ſacred impreſſion, even from the worſt of us; why ſhould your diſappointments make you conclude that there is not in this world happineſs? Perfect felicity here is not attainable, nor ought

it

it to be ſo; it is prepared above as a reward for virtue, and we in ſome meaſure anticipate the enjoyment here, from the hope of it, and conſciouſneſs of not being wholly undeſerving; that man my Seymour who abſtains from doing evil, who as far as his circumſtances and abilities will allow, does all the good in his power, who ſubdues every inordinate wiſh and deſire, and permits his reaſon, and his conſcience to be the ruling principles of his, conduct: that man can never be entirely wretched: let every human occurence unite to diſtreſs him he looks beyond it; he has a conſolation

ſolation within himſelf, certain that it is but a temporary evil which he has to ſtruggle with. I have no occaſion to reverſe the picture, and ſhew you the man ſurrounded and favored with the ſmiles of fortune, carreſſed and courted by the flatterers that ever attend on affluence, yet whoſe life is ſtained with guilt, you can form a judgment of the feelings of his mind, with what regret he looks backward on his paſt life, what diſappointments attend the preſent, and with what diſmay, diſpair, and horror, he reflects on the future. I allow that I believed your Brother was able to

triumph

triumph over every weakneſs, too true I was miſtaken; but thoſe are circumſtances which in ſome meaſure excuſe his indiſcretion, and the breach of duty to his Father, but he has at laſt met with a puniſhment for it, in knowing himſelf to be inſtrumental to your miſery: reflect how much more powerful are the motives which ſhould induce you to conquer your affection; for ſhame my dear Seymour, overcome this weakneſs, which is at once diſgraceful, and criminal: you argue on the nature of love, like a lover, was I to oppoſe reaſon to your ſpecious ſophiſtry, it would be unavailing

availing; in that manner the gay, the libertine Sir Charles Mordaunt, defends his favorite principles; you was acquainted with him ſome years ago, but he informs me he has not ſeen you ſince his return from Paris. What a ſtrange inconſiſtent character is his, with a heart juſt, generous, ſincere, and liberal; with an enlightened, and improved underſtanding, it is impoſſible to eſteem him, and thoughtleſs as he is, and an abſolute ſlave to his ſenſes, it is equally impoſſible to deſpiſe him; it is to an imprudent, ill-placed affection, that all his follies and errors are owing: when

I was

I was firſt acquainted with him, I never knew a more amiable, a more unexceptionable character; his gaiety was tempered with diſcretion; and with very ſtrong paſſions, his conſideration for the feelings of others ever prevented every improper gratification; he was doatingly enamoured, (to make uſe of his own expreſſion) of a Miſs Byron, ſhe ſeemed equally attached to him, he was at that time every thing that a woman of ſentiment, and delicacy could wiſh or deſire; his perſon is graceful and elegant, and his manner free from that haughty preſumption which diſtinguiſhes

the

the generallity of our young men of faſhion; the Lady however was ſoon tired of affecting tenderneſs, or if ſhe ever felt it, her inclination changed; Sir Charles's life was depaired of; in the poſſeſſion of her he had fixed his every hope of happineſs, he tried to ſoften her breaſt in his favour, but finding every endeavour ineffectual, he had too much pride to complain, and too much tenderneſs to reproach; by the repeated importunities of his friends he was at laſt prevailed on to leave England: he went to Paris where after a reſidence of three years he has returned to his native country.

I muſt

I muſt do him the juſtice of ſaying that he is free from that grimace, and foppery, which diſtinguiſhes moſt young men in their return from that Country, but he is entirely diveſted of that tender ſenſibility, that generous conſideration for the feelings of others, which once ſo ſtrongly marked his character, and made him ſo amiable; the treatment which he has met with from Miſs Byron, has ſteeled his heart againſt every permanent attachment; but tho' ſhe has given him a diſguſt to the principles of women, and induced him to believe that all are treacherous, deſigning,

and unfaithful, the warmth of youth and his too great ſuſceptibility of diſpoſition, will not permit him to renounce them; his attachments are numerous, and as he feels in them neither real tenderneſs, or eſteem, of courſe they are tranſient, and novelty, and variety is what he is ever purſuing: yet in the midſt of his wanderings, his heart ſtill ſighs for Miſs Byron, nor can he ever hear her name without apparent emotion: it may appear inconſiſtent, and contradicting, but the inconſiſtancy of his conduct, originates from the fidelity of his heart, and the ſtability of his affections.

tions. His actions grieve me, but it is in vain to remonſtrate; I am hurt to ſee a man whoſe nature is generous, ſincere, and compaſſionate, eternally acting, in the moſt baſe, moſt diſengenuous, and cruel manner, and that with the utmoſt coolneſs, and unconcern, as if he was purſuing the moſt laudable conduct; he is inſenſible both to pity, compunction, and remorſe, he follows, he purſues with unabated ardour, and too often ſucceeds, he then abandons: the charm is fled, and the thoughts and recollection of Miſs Byron hardens his heart againſt every female

diſtreſs, he conſiders them all ungrateful like her, at the ſame time that he feels they have not half her power of charming; unjuſt, ungenerous as Mordaunt is, in his tranſactions with women, he would ſacrifice his life, and fortune for his friends, or go any lengths to relieve diſtreſſed merit, or reſcue injured worth from oppreſſion: his virtues, his amiable qualities all originate from his heart, and his vices from an unhappy, and too early attachment to a worthleſs deſpicable woman. whenever his conduct is the ſubject of our diſcourſe, he will always ſay, if Louiſa

Louiſa had died whilſt I believed her to be ſincere, as the whole ſex cannot attone for her loſs, ſo had I loved, and reſpected them for her ſake, I ſhould neither have been a ſeducer, or betrayer, as you term me, but my dear Mackenſie, I was firſt ſeduced, firſt betrayed, and now am only making repriſals: you ſay that tho' Miſs Byron, is faithleſs, there are many that are ſincere, but how are we to diſcover it, how preſerve ourſelves from impoſition, what tender aſſurances, what proteſtations of eternal love, and fidelity, have I not recieved from her; what woman could have

more the appearance of ſincerity, and every virtue than ſhe had; Oh! Mackenſie do not imagine that if her cruelty to me has extended no farther than an alteration in her affection, but I could have forgiven it; it might have proceeded from an opinion ſhe had too haſtily indulged of ſome excellence, and merit which I do not poſſeſs, and pleaſed with my tenderneſs for her, ſhe had fondly given me credit, for time might have diſcovered the fallacy of her opinion, and an alteration of affection, would undoubtedly have been the natural conſequence: but when my life

was

was diſpaired of, when ſhe knew that I was dying for her, her cruel unconcern, the unfeeling neglect with which ſhe treated me, could only originate from the baſeſt, the moſt contemptible of hearts, Louiſa's underſtanding is a good one; ſhe wore every appearance of the moſt gentle, moſt compaſſionate nature; how then am I to diſtinguiſh? Or why believe that others are leſs faulty? Would you have me a ſecond time give credit, a ſecond time experience agonies, almoſt, beyond the power of human nature to ſuſtain; a ſecond time endanger my life, for ſuch light, ſuch vain, ſuch

ſuch worthleſs wretches, as I am convinced all women are.

'Tis in vain to contradict him, but I am fully aſſured, that if his paſſion for the faithleſs Louiſa was entirely eradicated from his heart, he would be leſs a libertine.

Adieu my dear Seymour, and give your friend the ſatisfaction of ſeeing, that the man whom he moſt ſincerely eſteems, is worthy of his approbation, and affection.

Charles Mackenſie.

Miſs ELLIOT,

TO

Miſs ORMOND.

YOU know not my dear Eliza how delighted I am at being freed from the importunities of Mr. Seymour; you have an hundred times accuſed me of inſenſibility, and as I continued indifferent to him, believed that no man would have power to engage my affection: that is a truth of which I am by no means certified, I allow him

him, to be very handſome, but there is a vehemence in his manner, a wildneſs and ardour in his eyes and countenance, that is far more terrifying, than pleaſing; it may be occaſioned by love, but I am ſure it had always this effect on me, that I never ſaw him without a trembling agitation, that amounted almoſt to horror; his temper is likewiſe impatient and ungovernable; when he has been making an avowal of his love, and I have entreated him to change the ſubject, his countenance has wore the appearance of the deepeſt deſpair, and he always appeared to me more

agitated

agitated than dejected. My dear Eliza I would prefer leſs ardour, and more tenderneſs; I want not ſuch fervent proteſtations, and appearances of love. Seymour has much paſſion, but I believe very little fondneſs: it is impoſſible to deſcribe his agonies when he heard of our relationſhip to each other, but it forces him to be ſilent; and tho' he is as much as ever with me, I am freed from that hated ſubject: I aſſure you that the miſery which it is very evident he ſuffers, occaſions me ſome pain; his countenance is the moſt ſtrongly expreſſive that I ever ſaw, but tho'

it

it has not entirely loſt its former animation, it moſt clearly denotes his grief. How rejoiced am I at having found a Father; how widely different is he from his Brother; he is always decently compoſed, and tenderly affectionate; when he uſed to viſit me it was by another name, and as a diſtant relation of my mother's; I ſaw him then but ſeldom, and tho his manner was always attentive, it was not like what it has been ſince he has reveal-himſelf to me; but I hear my uncle enquireing for me, and as I know his impatience, muſt bid my dear Eliza adieu.

Olivia Elliot.

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

TO

Colonel MENFIELD.

OH! Menfield I have ſeen her, have ſeen the dear deſtroyer of my peace, the faithleſs, ungrateful, but ſtill beloved Louiſa; I went laſt night to the Play, and in the very box where I was, Miſs Byron and another lady entered, I would have immediately quitted it, but ſurprize at this unexpected meeting, and ſome remains of my former weak-

neſs, occaſioned ſuch a trembling, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty I ſupported myſelf; ſhe ſtarted, and bluſhed at the ſight of me, but her embarraſſment was trivial in compariſon of mine; an involuntary ſigh eſcaped me? ſhe fixed her eyes on mine, with a tenderneſs ſhe knows but too well how to counterfeit; can the gay, the thoughtleſs Sir Charles Mordaunt (ſaid ſhe) be unhappy, I ſhould have imagined that your inconſtancy was a preſervative for your peace, and that it was only for the forſaken to be wretched; true, ſaid I, ſorrow is occaſioned

by

by diſappointment, and diſappointment by our own weak credulity; but I will believe that inconſtancy is a ſecurity for our peace, for you have every appearance of happineſs; that was undoubtedly true, for never had I ſeen a more ſerene, a more heavenly countenance: Oh! Edward ſhe is more lovely, more attractive, more ſeducingly enchanting than ever. Are no allowances ſaid ſhe dejectedly, to be made for one, who blinded, and miſled by youth, and vanity, knows not the value of the merit that is attached to her, but who at laſt ſees, and repents her errors; but this is not a

place to talk in; my dear Mordaunt (for ſtill I muſt call you ſo) favour me with your addreſs, and to-morrow I will be more explicit: I forgot the madneſs, the impropriety of a compliance with her requeſt and inconſiderately gave it her; I have had a letter from her this morning, and you muſt therefore excuſe the ſhortneſs of this, as I cannot delay anſwering it.

Sir

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

TO

Miſs BYRON.

WHAT am I to infer from your conduct laſt night, and how give credit to the tender aſſurances contained in your letter, which I this morning received: do you wiſh again to triumph over a heart, which you once with ſo much ſcorn rejected, with ſo much cruelty deceived; you muſt be convinced of the un-

bounded power of your charms; my death was nearly the conſequence of your deſertion; heaven knows I wiſhed not for life, the world was to me a joyleſs deſert deprived of you; why do you wiſh a ſecond time to impoſe upon my credulity, I cannot ſurvive repeated diſappointments; Do you wiſh to deprive me of my exiſtence? you have already of every earthly felicity: my heart was nearly broke—you ſaw me dying—you knew that your indifference occaſioned it; yet then you thought me unworthy of the leaſt conſideration: Oh! my too much loved Louiſa, tell me for what

what crime you have thus determined on my deſtruction; I muſt not, cannot again credit the dear deluſion; but this believe, that I would ſacrifice worlds if I poſſeſſed them, that you had never betrayed me. What could wear more the appearance of candour, and ſincerity than your former conduct? yet how cruelly was I deceived- and what a requital did you make to my paſſion; do you reſolve to purſue me with unremitting hatred? Perhaps you imagine that time and abſence have reſtored me to my reaſon, and that I have regained my peace; if it will afford you any fa-

tisfaction

tisfaction, I muſt declare that you have never been abſent from my heart; in ſpite of every effort, your image purſued me every where; I conſidered you as unworthy, but my heart ſtill cheriſhed the dear, the fatal idea of that appearance of innocence and fondneſs, which firſt undid me; reſt aſſured that I am miſerable, and without you really wiſh my death, do not attempt a ſecond time to deceive me; you accuſe me of infidelity, alas Louiſa am I unfaithful? 'Tis true I have ſtrove by every art in my power to baniſh the remembrance of you; had I been leſs conſtant, I might have

have found in ſome one woman, a conſolation for the loſs of you, which I aſſure you upon my honour your whole ſex have not been able to afford. How joyleſs, how languid is every pleaſure in which the heart has no ſhare; I have flown with a wild impetuoſity from one to another; my time was engaged, but I was never happy, or intereſted; but do not imagine Louiſa becauſe I have made ſo full a diſcloſure of my ſentiments, that I ſhall ever indulge a ſecond time that weakneſs; all intercourſe between us is at an end; without confidence, and a mutual eſteem, and a reliance

ance on each others faith, it could only be productive of jealouſy, doubts, ſuſpicions, and endleſs diſquietude: I wiſh not to embitter your tranquility, too well aſſured am I, that I never could be conducive to your happineſs; I forgive every fault committed againſt myſelf, but pardon me if I ſay, I never can truſt or believe again: for your ſake I deſpiſe the whole ſex; and ſhall ever believe that if a woman poſſeſſed of every advantage both natural and acquired, can be ſo cooly falſe, and unfaithful, that fidelity is the portion only of our ſex, and that the want of it in yours, is ſupplied by falſe

falſe tears, diſembled proteſtations; and a well feigned appearance of affection, with which you deceive, and betray to diſtraction and miſery, all thoſe, who are ſo unfortunate as to love like the wretched,

Charles Mordaunt.

Sir

Sir CHARLS MORDAUNT,

TO

Colonel MENFIELD.

CONGRATULATE me my dear Menfield on my fortitude; I have reſiſted the moſt inviting aſſurances of love from the only woman in the world who is able to inſpire me with that paſſion: I have reſolutely abſented myſelf from every place in which there is a poſſibility of meeting her. I told you in my laſt I was going to write

to

to her; I did ſo, and tho' I renounced her for ever, I was above practiſing the little female arts of falſhood, and diſſimulation, I confeſſed I loved her, and acknowledged the power ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed over me; Oh! Edward I am reſtleſs, and diſſatisfied; I can no longer purſue a ſex, which ſurely were created for a more worthy purpoſe, than merely to be conducive to our amuſements, and tranſient pleaſures: you will be ſurprized at this opinion, ſo contrary to what I formerly profeſſed, but my heart was laſt night (for the firſt time ſince Louiſa's cruel deſertion of me) ſen-

ſible of ſome emotions of commiſ-ſeration, and eſteem for a woman. After I had wrote to Miſs Byron, to conquer the dejection of my ſpirits, and overcome the painful recollection of what preyed upon my heart, as the moſt likely means to triumph over the laſſitude, and op-preſſion which overwhelmed me, I went to pay a viſit to Miſs Emelia Harcourt, whom you formerly had ſeen in the country, and on whoſe account, both you, and the ſage Mackenſie, have read me ſo many lectures: ſhe received me with every appearance of tenderneſs, and ſatisfaction; I renewed the conver-

ſation

ſation of love; ſhe liſtened with complacency and delight, I thought it was then in my power to obtain from her fondneſs the moſt endearing proofs of it; but I was miſtaken; ſhe rejected me with a look of ſurpriſe, grief, and indignation; I fell at her feet, and imputed my offence to exceſſive love; her countenance loſt the appearance of reſentment, but it was ſucceeded by a look of deſpair, and anguiſh, at which I was not entirely unmoved; ſhe entreated me to riſe: the ſuperiority Sir Charles, ſaid ſhe, which you poſſeſs over me in birth, and fortune, ought at firſt to have con-

vinced me, that an union with one ſo every way your inferior, as it was incompatible with your ambitious and intereſted views, ſo it was alſo your intention never to perform; but as my own heart could never entertain a thought of inſincerity, or deceit, I did not ſuſpect it in you, but deluded by my affection, I forgot the diſparity of our ſituations, you have this evening awakened me to a conſciouſneſs of my folly; I own that Emily Harcourt is unworthy the title of Lady Mordaunt, but ſurely ſhe never merited from Sir Charles the cruel inſult ſhe has received; I was

not

not miſled by vanity, or ambition; I ſaw, as I vainly imagined, in you, every thing that was amiable, and pleaſing; if an avowal of love on my part, if the moſt truſting confidence, of the ſincereſt, and tenderest eſteem, cannot be imputed to me as crimes; tell me then for what offence, a man ſo juſt, ſo generous, as you ever appeared to be; have endeavoured to deſtroy and ruin me for ever: why ſhould you wiſh to turn ſeducer, and rob me of that innocence which I have heard you ſo frequently declare, firſt engaged your affection, cruel man, continued ſhe with a ſigh;

you are happily ignorant of the pain of hopeleſs tenderneſs; and tho' the horrid neceſſity of being reduced to deſpiſe, what we once believed was poſſeſſed of every virtue, if you could conceive what I ſuffer, you would for my ſake, abandon a ſimilar conduct: let it be ſufficient that you have made one wretched, and the certainty that it is poſſible to reſiſt, and reſign for ever the man we love, when his conduct is inconſiſtent with juſtice, and humanity, teach you that there are women, who can ſupport every thing but guilt, and infamy; and now Sir Charles I entreat you to leave me;

me: I freely forgive, but reflection will I hope convince you that you purchaſe your amuſements too dearly, when the happineſs of thoſe who never injured, or offended you, is the ſacrifice. Her words and manner ſtruck me, a painful recollection preſſed upon me, why ſaid I to myſelf, cannot I feel for Emily, all that I do for the faithleſs Louiſa; I entreated her to be compoſed, I am (ſaid I) more criminal, than even *you* believe me; Oh! Emily, (I continued) in an agony which the tumultuous emotions of my heart would not permit me to ſuppreſs: why did I not

ſooner

ſooner know your innocence, and merit, and why is my ſoul ſtill enſlaved by a paſſion, which at once diſhonours, and deſtroys me? I was convinced of the cruel impropriety of what I had ſaid, when I perceived Emily breathleſs in her chair; I then in reality felt all that tenderneſs which I had before only affected; never had I received ſuch flattering proofs of love, from an amiable, worthy object; I uſed every means to reſtore her to life, it was ſome time before I ſucceeded, when ſhe recovered her ſpeech, it was only to conjure me to leave her, in vain I implored her pity,

and

and compaſſion; I entreated her to allow me to ſtay, to explain, to extenuate my conduct; I already know too much, Sir Charles, ſaid ſhe, and this forcing your company upon me, is as inſulting as your former behaviour was baſe and cruel; however I reſolutely perſiſted in not leaving her, 'till ſhe had granted permiſſion for me to write to her, and promiſed to return an anſwer, this with much difficulty I obtained. I returned home in a ſtate of mind, that I ſhould have pitied in my moſt implacable, and bittereſt enemy: I have not yet wrote to her, too well I know that

there

there are not any circumſtances which can juſtify me to her: I wiſh not for poſſeſſion of her heart, but ſo amiable, ſo gentle is her diſpoſition, that her eſteem, and friendſhip would greatly alleviate my ſufferings.

May heaven guard you from every diſappointment is the ſincere wiſh of your affectionate,

Mordaunt.

HENRY

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Esq.

I had answered your letter sooner, my dear Mackensie, had I not been prevented by illness; I have been almost on the verge of eternity, but am at last sufficiently recovered, to be able to write to you: why do I still breathe, discontented, repining, dissatisfied with my existence; why am I compelled to endure

endure it? Oh! Charles tho' my bodily ſtrength is greatly impaired: tho' I am ſo weak, ſo liſtleſs, ſo languid, that I am reduced almoſt to the helpleſs ſtate of an infant; my mind is by no means affected, or the ſtrength of its feelings abated; the emotions of my heart are as ardent, as lively, as ever, my paſſion remains unſubdued, and ſtill tortures, ſtill afflicts me: I had felt myſelf exceedingly indiſpoſed for ſome time, but I did not complain, indeed the dreadful, agonizing pains of my mind, rendered me almoſt inſenſible to every other feeling: but as I was ſitting by

by Olivia one day, dwelling with a minute attention on the beauties of her perſon, and reflecting with deſpair, and anguiſh on the impoſſibility of my ever forgetting, or poſſeſſing her, when my heart was oppreſſed ſo much, which joined to the languid ſtate of my health, was more than I could ſupport, and I ſunk lifeleſs at her feet. I was conveyed home and put to bed, where a burning fever enſued. I raved inceſſantly of Olivia.—Heavens knows ſhe was the only cauſe of my ſufferings, and diſorders. I entreated my brother to allow her to come to me,

he complied with my requeſt; her ſenſibility, and compaſſion appeared to be intereſted. She ſighed when ſhe approached the bed, 'twas the firſt inſtance of commiſſeration I had ever received from her; I took her hand and preſſed it to my heart, which languid, and expiring as I was, at her preſence acquired new life and motion. I am dying Olivia, ſaid I, I could not ſupport my ſorrows; hated, and rejected as my paſſion has ever been by you, at leaſt believe it was ſincere, and do juſtice to the ardour of it, tho' you never thought it worthy a return; perhaps this is the laſt time

time I ſhall ever ſee you, do not then deny me the ſatisfaction of telling you, with how much truth and fervour I love you; and Oh, believe me, that a death which is occaſioned by the exceſs of my paſſion, is to me, both dear, and glorious; and ſince it is impoſſible to live for you, thus to reſign my being, and by dying remove every doubt of the ſincerity of my love, is the only circumſtance that could afford the ill-fated Seymour the leaſt gleam of ſatisfaction. She burſt into tears; yes Charles, ſhe abſolutely wept for me. Oh! that the ſenſations which her tears occaſioned

could have laſted for ever, or that I had happily died at that inſtant, ignorant of any other, at that moment my exiſtence ſhould have terminated, I ought not to have lived beyond it. You pity me then Olivia, ſaid I, and when the cold grave have ſevered us for ever, then diveſted of prejudice, and hatred, reflect on the fate of your Henry: reflect that his paſſion ought not to be conſidered as a crime, and that though he was not happy, the ſtability, and faith of his affection, rendered him worthy of it. Heaven in pity, is going to releaſe me from my miſery, and

you

you from the ſight of one that is deteſted by you. Alas! (ſaid Olivia in a faltering voice,) for pitys ſake compoſe yourſelf; your too great ſenſibility deſtroys you: I reſpect—I eſteem you—I never was blind to your merit, but nature by an inſtinctive impulſe, ſaved me from having you. Perhaps an unknown, ſecret power exempted me from that paſſion, our relationſhip which prevents my feeling more, alſo makes me ſenſible of the ſincereſt pity, and compaſſion for your diſtreſſes. I am ſatisfied Olivia, ſaid I, the emotions of our hearts are not dependant on ourſelves, nor

do I condemn your indifference. A fainting ſucceeded theſe words, it was believed by all that was preſent, that I was gone for ever. Contrary however to the opinion of every one, and my own eager wiſhes, I am now entirely out of danger. Youth, and the cruel ſtrength of my conſtitution, have preſerved me: but ſurely the mind though its operations may be ſlow, muſt at laſt be ſure. But my dear Charles, I muſt now bid you adieu, as I feel myſelf greatly fatigued, indeed, I am ſo very weak, that the moſt trivial thing affects me.

Henry Seymour.

Miſs B Y R O N,

TO

Miſs G L E N V I L L E.

I Have very little occaſion my dear Sophia to continue vain of the influence of my charms; as Mordaunt abſolutely rejects that heart, which I have condeſcended to offer him. I informed you of our meeting at the play, but I had not then ſufficient time to acquaint you, with my real ſentiments reſpecting

ſpecting him. I had heard a great deal of the improvement of his perſon, and manners, from his long reſidence in Paris, but I was very little affected by it, I had heard that the ſoft, the ſentimental, the ſincere, Sir Charles Mordaunt, was become a gay, faſhionable ſeducer, and he, that had formerly been ſo ſcrupulouſly exact in his conduct, was a depraved, unfeeling libertine; this, I alſo heard, with the utmoſt unconcern: but when I was informed that Miſs Harcourt appeared to have fixed his roving heart, and that it was univerſally believed that ſhe would become

Lady

Lady Mordaunt. My pride was awakened, and I reſolved if poſſible to preſent it; I never could forgive her, for depriving me of the attentions, and aſſiduities of Lord George Stanley, and though ſhe rejected his addreſſes I cannot pardon her for the preference which he gave her. As ſoon therefore as I heard that Sir Charles was eternally with her, I determined to ſeperate them. I reflected on the extreme tenderneſs which he once felt for me, and believed that if I could have an opportunity of ſeeing him, that wild and diſſipated as he is become, I might yet reſume

my

my power over him: I informed you of the letter which I ſent him, and alſo of the anſwer I had re-received. He ſtill loves me, and I cannot but admire the candour with which he confeſſes it, and the ſpirit with which he rejects that love I offer him. Seriouſly my dear Sophia, I fear I am more attached to him than I wiſhed to be: formerly his timidity, and that exceſſive dread of offending me, rendered him contemptible in my opinion, but his manner is now more bold and manly. Yet I do not imagine that I really love him, but I am reſolved to detach him

from

from Emily Harcourt, ſhe ſhall not boaſt a ſecond triumph over me; I mean to anſwer his letter, he acknowledges that I am ſtill beloved, and ſurely it will not be a difficult taſk to delude him into a belief of my ſincerity, when his own heart will will take part in the deluſion.

Wiſh me ſucceſs my dear Sophia, and believe me ſincerely yours,

Louiſa Byron.

Sir

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

TO

Miſs HARCOURT.

TO be under the cruel neceſſity of acknowledging oneſelf to be the moſt culpable, the moſt criminal of men, is ſurely a ſevere mortification, and a very humiliating taſk, but it is perfect eaſe, and tranquility, in compariſon with the painful, the deſtracting recollection, that we have injured

injured merit, and excellence, which in honour, and feeling we were bound to protect, and guard from the deluſions, the injuſtice of others; what then muſt not my ſenſations be. Oh! Emily you know not what I ſuffer, but I deſerve miſery: would to Heaven that you was happy; I ſhall not, cannot, urge any thing in my own juſtification, the attempt would be a ſecond injury, a ſecond inſult: yet as I am deſervedly the object of your hatred, and contempt, let me gratify your juſt revenge, ſo far, as to inform you, that I am miſerable, and the circumſtances which

have occaſioned that miſery. When very young I was attached to a lady, who to every grace, and perſonal perfection, wore the appearance of every virtue; ſhe affected an equal tenderneſs for me, but ſhe did not long perſevere in that deluſion; ſhe abandoned me; my life was nearly the forfeiture of that inconſtancy—I left England. The falſehood of Miſs Byron, and the light, diſſipated manners, of the women that I became acquainted with in Paris, led me to believe that all were triffling, and inſincere; 'twas an ungenerous opinion, and I now bluſh at, and reprobate it

for

for ever: to my confuſion I acknowledge, that I believe there was no injuſtice in my conduct. I remained ſtill tenderly devoted to the faithleſs Louiſa: I did not, could not, efface her from my heart. I became acquainted with you: need I tell you that I was inſpired with tenderneſs, admiration and eſteem; but the erroneous opinions which I too long had cheriſhed, was not to be eradicated immediately. In your ſociety I had found a conſolation, and pleaſure, which none other of your ſex could afford: I was charmed; I was delighted with it. The merit,

the amiable qualities, of Miſs Harcourt I would frequently ſay to myſelf, will baniſh from my heart this unworthy, this deſtructive paſſion. My viſits to you were frequent: inſenſibly I talked of love: alas! what I felt was undeſerving of a return. I ſought only my own gratification, nor did I merit that tenderneſs, with which you bleſſed, and honoured me. Oh! if the guilty, the wretched Mordaunt might preſume to hope for forgiveneſs; might dare to ſolicit your friendſhip, and you ſhould generouſly pardon the faults of the lover, in conſideration of the future

ſincerity

ſincerity of the friend, how bleſt, how happy, would he conſider himſelf. Forget that I ever mentioned love; but do not I conjure you, entirely baniſh me from your heart: feel for me ſome little pity, ſome little friendſhip; conſider me as your brother; but I have preſumed too far; but look on me at leaſt as one, that ſincerely repents his errors, and though undeſerving your compaſſion, is the moſt wretched of mankind.

Charles Mordaunt.

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

Miss ELLIOT.

I Know I ſhall incur your anger, by preſuming to write to you; by daring to avow a paſſion at once abhorrent to nature, to religion, and to you, but certain as I am of your diſpleaſure, I yet feel it impoſſible to be ſilent. Gracious Heaven! I have not yet acquired fortitude to act in eternal oppoſi-

tion

tion to my feelings: to conquer the moſt prevalent deſire of my heart: the moſt prevalent did I ſay? Alas! Olivia, it is the only one that influences me, all are loſt, are abſorbed in that. I ſometimes indulge myſelf in the melancholy pleaſure of reflecting, how truly bleſt I ſhould have been, had my affection been placed on one who could have returned it with equal ardour; and fate had not placed any barrier between us; but I could triumph over every thing; I could diſregard, and deſpiſe every obſtacle, and behold with contempt every misfortune, but the indifference of her

I adore.

I adore. Why did nature form me with this exceſſive, this fatal ſuſceptibility, it deſtroys, and prevents a return; and one more cold, more languid, more unimpaſſioned than myſelf would obtain a bleſſing which he did but half deſire, and could but half enjoy. Whilſt I whoſe very exiſtence depended on the attainment, am diſregarded, and rejected. I deſpiſe; I abhor my own weakneſs. I execrate myſelf in thus giving way to my feelings; I reaſon, I aſſume a falſe pride, I think myſelf reſtored to my former reſolution, when ſome unfortunate circumſtance recalls you to my

my memory; the deluſion vaniſhes, and I ſink again into that weakneſs, which I vainly imagined I had renounced, and reprobated for ever. I endeavoured the conqueſt of my own heart. Ah! Olivia, is it not the moſt dangerous of my foes; I abſented myſelf in ſome meaſure from you. You know the effect that the conflicts of my mind produced; they realy deſtroyed me, but I do not complain; my ſituation excited your ſenſibility; you wept for what I ſuffered. Ah! my beſt beloved Olivia, by what idle notions, and prejudices are you governed? You

lamented

lamented the pains which I endured from illneſs; you, that have ever be held with unconcern, the cruel, deſtracting anguiſh of my heart, how far ſuperior to every other; could the ſevereſt bodily ſufferings depreſs or overwhelm me. I deſpiſe pain, I laugh at the moſt dreadful maladies; I am only in one part acceſſible; 'tis my heart; yet with the utmoſt indifference you have beheld that torn with the moſt agonizing pangs. You have ſeen it deſtracted with grief; and breaking with the cruel torments of a ſlighted, hopeleſs paſſion; yet I then never excited one ſigh, but

when

when you imagined I was dying, when I had the pleaſing hope of reſigning my life and miſery together, you then wept: from whence proceeded that ſympathy ſo inconſiſtent with your former conduct: is it that you conceive death to be ſo terrible? or the deſtruction of our tendereſt hopes ſo trivial. But do not Olivia imagine that I am pleading in favour of a paſſion, which I am convinced I ought not to indulge. I yield to the cruel, curſt neceſſity: I adore virtue; blame me not if I pay my adoration to her moſt perfect votary.

I mean

I meant only to have wrote a few lines to have informed you, that I have complied with my brother's requeſt, and conſented to leave England; to quit for ever my friends, my family, my native country; but that is little, to bid an eternal adieu to you, 'tis there that the wretched Seymour alone is ſuſceptible. My brother begs, he entreats me to go; to endeavour to recover my loſt tranquility; fruitleſs attempt: but I cannot be more wretched. I ſhall not therefore, by oppoſition contribute to make another participate in my diſtreſs. Once, only once Olivia, will I

ſee

ſee you. I muſt indulge myſelf with a laſt adieu; but even that pleaſure will I forego, if you forbid it: and only favour me with a line to tell me you approve my reſolution, without your concurrence, without you in ſome meaſure intereſt yourſelf in my fate, I feel that I ſhall not have courage to proceed. Oh! deign to reflect, how little, how very little, is required of you, and how ſevere a ſufferer, is the undone, and wretched Seymour.

Miſs ELLIOT.

TO

HENRY SEYMOUR, Eſq.

IF I could imagine that an interview with me, would be in the leaſt conducive to your happineſs, believe me I ſhould be very far from wiſhing to prevent it; but I am fully convinced it would have a contrary effect, and only tend to make you more wretched;

wretched; I applaud, I admire the reſolution you have ſhewn in determining to leave England. Souls like yours that are actuated by great and uncommon paſſions are ever poſſeſſed of fortitude, to combat them; and are alone capable of truly noble and praiſe-worthy actions; and by one glorious effort perform, what thoſe of weaker feelings would be half their lives putting in execution. Heaven that gave you ſuch an uncommon ſtrength of paſſions, alſo endued you with a larger ſhare of reaſon; and as your feelings are more ardent than thoſe of any other, ſo

are the exertions you make to triumph over them, more great and commendable: perſevere, my dear Sir, in what you have reſolved on, and may you, by riſing ſuperior to your own paſſions, meet with all that happineſs which you ſo juſtly merit, and which is ſo ſincerely wiſhed you by

Olivia Elliot.

HENRY

HENRY SEYMOUR, Esq.

TO

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Esq.

DOVER.

NO longer accuſe me of weakneſs my dear Mackenſie, I have left her, parted with her, for ever, yet I ſtill live: the reſolution was haſtily formed, and almoſt immediately put in practice; had I deliberated, I had never done it. I curſe, I execrate myſelf for

having left her: why ſhould I add to thoſe ſorrows which Heaven has made, but too numerous. I am unavoidably doomed to be miſerable, but my raſh compliance with my brother's importunities has made me more exquiſitely wretched; but let me acquaint you regularly with every thing that paſſed ſince I laſt wrote to you.— My Father's death (of which you doubtleſs was informed) has given my Brother the power of acknowledging Miſs Elliot as his daughter; he has done it: the circumſtances of his marriage are revealed to his friends, and he only delayed bring-

ing

ing her to his own houſe, 'till I had left it. A thouſand arguments he made uſe of, to induce me to quit England, if they did not convince, they at leaſt wearied me, weakned by deſpair, and languid by illneſs, I had not the power of reſiſtance, and I promiſed what he required of me. I ordered every thing for my departure with an avidity that aſtoniſhed him. Alas! it was only the eagerneſs of deſperation, the impetuoſity of wretchedneſs that hurried me on: he had aſſured me that it was the only means of recovering my tranquility. I took it upon truſt, I

dared

dared not to doubt it; I tryed to believe him, it was my own intereſt to do ſo: I wrote to Olivia before my departure, and promiſed her to go without even a laſt adieu. ſhe anſwered my letter: ſhe applauded my reſolution: how flattering would her praiſes have been to me on any other ſubject. But they were only calculated to ſtrengthen me to perſevere; ſhe wiſhed to be freed from the importunities of my tenderneſs, and purſued the method moſt calculated to inſure her ſucceſs. Yes Charles I left her even without ſeeing her; 'tis that which makes me ſo completely

pletely wretched; had I bid her adieu, there are a thouſand things I could have ſaid, to have convinced her of the ſincerity of my paſſion, which ſhe now perhaps will doubt. Ah! had not my leaving her in that manner, too much the appearance of coldneſs, and indifference: it muſt ſeem to her as if I had half regained my tranquility. I wiſhed not for a return; a gratification of my paſſion is impoſſible: but ſurely I ought not to be forbidden the weak indulgence of being convinced that ſhe is aſſured of my love; of an affection that has deſtroyed me. Every proſpect

of

of happineſs is baniſhed for ever; nor have I one view, one hope, one expectation of felicity but in the grave, and even to that I ſhould deſcend with regret, I if I did not breathe my laſt ſigh on her boſom, and expend my laſt breath in aſſuring her, that ſhe was the firſt, and lateſt object of my thoughts and wiſhes.

Feeling as I do, how can I ſupport the thought that ſhe believes there is a poſſibility of my regaining my indifference: the manner of my departure will lead her to imagine it, and my Brother will

ſtrengthen

ſtrengthen, and confirm that idea: he will deſcribe to her the eagerneſs with which I put the plan in execution, and the readineſs with which I firſt conſented; ſhe will impute my acquieſcence to the love of novelty, and the deſire which moſt young men poſſeſs of forming new connections, and being introduced to new ſcenes: ſhe will not ſee in my compliance, the deſperation and madneſs of a hopeleſs paſſion. I cannot ſupport that thought; I muſt return and convince her of her error. I muſt return, and throw myſelf at her feet, and for the laſt time aſſure her

her of my ſincerity: when I have done that, I will then leave her, and put my firſt deſign in practice. You need not write to diſſuade me from my purpoſe, as I ſhall leave this place very early to-morrow, and ſhall not put my letter in the poſt till the evening. Adieu, my dear Charles, do not condemn your friend, but rather pity that unhappy infatuation which thus impels him to act contrary to his judgment and reaſon.

Miſs

Miſs HARCOURT.

TO

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT.

IF Sir Charles Mordaunt imagined that a recital of his diſappointments, and misfortunes, was calculated to give me pleaſure, and reſtore peace to my boſom: he has formed an erroneous opinion of me; and a ſecond time

been miſtaken in my character and diſpoſition.

When I conſider the cruel ungenerous manner in which you have treated me, no reproaches, or invectives can be too ſevere; but if your own heart does not point out to you the baſeneſs of your conduct, all I could ſay would be ineffectual: and if it does, you are ſufficiently puniſhed, without my adding to the torments of ſelf-accuſation. The pain which you experienced from the perfidy, and inconſtancy of another, ought to have deterred you from wantonly inflicting

inflicting it: you felt it to be insupportable: yet with an unfeeling levity made others ſenſible of the ſame. It is my wiſh, my intereſt to forget, that you ever thought me worth the trouble of deceiving. And to convince you Sir Charles, that women are capable of a diſintereſted affection, I will forgive you, every offence: you ſay my friendſhip is requiſite to your happineſs: I will grant it to you. And though perhaps it is an unprecedented weakneſs to admit as a friend, a man who ſought my ruin, even without the inſtigation of love, and who, without the

incitements of tenderneſs, was a cool, deliberate betrayer: Yet the acknowledgement of error, and the contrition for it, ſhall be conſidered as an expiation of the offence: and by confidence you will be induced to be ſincere. And now believe me Sir Charles, that there are women, who can ſacrifice their tendereſt wiſhes, their fondeſt hopes, to the happineſs of thoſe that are dear to them: bluſh at an opinion which you ought never to have formed, and reſpect a ſex, who are at leaſt as capable of diſintereſted attachments as yours.

Miſs

Miſs SEYMOUR,

TO

Miſs ORMOND.

I Have hardly ſpirits to relate to my dear Eliza, a circumſtance which has more deeply affected me than any other occurrence of my life. I told you of the illneſs of my wretched Uncle, and that after my Grandfather's deceaſe my Father had prevailed on him

to leave England. After his departure I came home, and was introduced to all the friends of our family. I was greatly pleaſed that Mr. Seymour had reſolution to go without bidding me farewell, and flattered myſelf that the languor of illneſs, had in ſome meaſure impaired the ſtrength of his feelings, but I was unfortunately miſtaken.

I was ſitting entirely alone yeſterday, when the door ſuddenly opened, and in an inſtant Mr. Seymour was at my feet. I gave a ſcream of ſurprize, and aſtoniſh-

ment,

ment, and nearly fainted: he ſprung up, and caught me in his arms; he preſſed me to his boſom, with an ardour, and emotion that terrified me; one word however recalled him to himſelf: I then had an opportunity of obſerving him; and never, never did I ſee ſo ſtriking, ſo affecting an alteration, as grief, and illneſs had made in him: his countenance uſed to be remarkably florid; his eyes formerly ſparkled with a fire that ſeemed more than mortal; they were now ſunk; haggard and hollow; and his face pale as death; every appearance of that wild impatience,

patience, which once was ſo diſagreeable to me, was entirely baniſhed; dejection had deadened every feature, and ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of his very ſoul: it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could enquire the cauſe of his unexpected return, he threw himſelf a ſecond time at my feet. Forgive me Olivia; was all he for ſome time was able to articulate. I ſaw the diſorder of his mind: I entreated him to compoſe himſelf: he ſighed; and proceeded,— I feared that you would impute my haſty departure to a want of affection, and of all the miſ-

fortunes

fortunes with which I am curſt, that would be the moſt inſupportable; look on me as a man doomed, and devoted to deſtruction, that nouriſhes in his heart the poiſon that deſtroys him. I can ſupport the torments of a hopeleſs, unpitied affection; I can ſupport even deſpair: if you are but ſenſible from what cauſe, that ruin and deſolation proceeds; ſee in me a wretch who has reſigned himſelf to miſery; who ſubmits patiently to the certainty of never enjoying either eaſe, or happineſs; and who has been ſo long familiarized to grief; that he is almoſt

reconciled

reconciled to it: but you muſt; you ought to be convinced, that there is only one cauſe that could thus depreſs, and ruin him. Oh! do not believe that when I left you, I was ſeduced by the vain, the idle notion, that abſence would make me forget you: do not imagine that curioſity, that the wiſh, and deſire of novelty, induced me to quit my native country: to baniſh you from my remembrance I knew to be impoſſible: the recollection of you is imprinted on my ſoul. Your idea is interwoven with my exiſtence, and conſtitutes a part of it. You

live in my heart, and whilſt *that* beats, will ever be beloved by me. What pleaſure can I enjoy from any new connections that I form; alas! they would only ſerve to ſhew, the inſufficiency of all, but one, to make me happy; and what eaſe or ſatisfaction could reſult from new ſcenes; I carry my diſorder with me, and a priſon, or a palace is equally indifferent: his agitations were now ſo violent, that he was unable to ſpeak. I ſuffered little leſs than he did: Righteous Heaven, ſaid I, to myſelf, how could I be ſo long inſenſible to his agonies; the tears

ſtreamed

ſtreamed from my eyes; at the ſight of them, his, reſumed a part of their former luſtre, and ſparkled with a faint gleam of delight; he took my hand: Generous, kind Olivia, (ſaid he) how can I acknowledge the ſatisfaction that this commiſeration of yours gives me; do not think me unfeeling, becauſe I rejoice at having occaſioned you uneaſineſs; in a few hours I ſhall leave you, when you ceaſe to be a witneſs to my diſtreſs, the remembrance of it will alſo die; and you will regain your tranquility; when every day will only encreaſe my miſery; and when

far,

far, far ſeperated from you: tortured with love, and almoſt diveſted of reaſon, from the ſeverity of my ſufferings, and the wild extravagance of my paſſion, if madneſs and deſpair, ſhould conquer the ſmall remains of reaſon, which I poſſeſs, and urge me to ſome act of deſperation; I will reflect on thoſe tears, which you now ſhed, and that way calm every diſquietude, and ſooth each turbulent emotion, 'till I ſink again to a more reſigned and peaceful ſorrow: ſome happier man may teach you how to love, and when you are ſenſible of that paſſion,

you will be able to form ſome judgment of my feelings: but Oh! let me not give way to that thought, to know that you ſigh for another; to know that another poſſeſſes you: I cannot bear it: Gracious Heaven! conſider my preſent anguiſh, accept it as an expiation of my offences, and ſave me from that horror: but it is a vain, a fruitleſs hope; every one that ſees you muſt love; and endeavour to engage a return; ſome one will be ſucceſsful: and the wretched, the undone Seymour, far diſtant from you, will be entirely forgot; diſregarded, and unpittied. He ſtarted up;

up; and caught eagerly hold of my hand: Save me Olivia from that thought, ſpeak to me; quiet this jealouſy, or I ſhall expire before you. His lips trembled, his hand burnt like fire. I was ſo terrified, I was unable to anſwer him; he immediately let go my hand, and threw himſelf with the utmoſt violence on the ground. I ſtarted up, and kneeling by him, entreated him to riſe: in the grief, and anguiſh of my heart, I promiſed every thing, to ſooth, and compoſe him; I aſſured him in the moſt ſolemn manner, that my affections were entirely diſengaged,

and ſwore never to marry any one, without his concurrence and approbation.

Do not accuſe me of weakneſs, my dear Eliza, in this raſh promiſe, the moſt unfeeling, obdurate heart muſt have been moved at the ſight of his anguiſh. — When I firſt knew Mr. Seymour, he was lively, and ſpirited to a degree of volatility, his countenance was haughty, and commanding, and he ſeemed formed, to rule and govern the world; how dreadful was the alteration: dejected, melancholy in his appearance; all that life and fire,

which

which before ſparkled in every feature, was now entirely extinct; to know that, *that* change was occaſioned by love, and that for me. I could at that inſtant have ſacrificed myſelf for him, and had he not been my Uncle, would have conſented to have become his wife. I will however candidly acknowledge, that I am at preſent much better ſatisfied that we are related. I never could have been happy in an union with him, and had I yielded, it would have been to his affection, not my own. He raiſed his head, on hearing what I ſaid, and tenderly preſſed my hand:

he was ſo weakened by the agitations he had undergone, and which for a time had ſupplied him with a kind of falſe ſtrength, that he was ſcarcely able to riſe. I ſupported him to a ſopha; he attempted to lay his head on my boſom: I inſtinctively ſhrunk from him.—Oh! my dear Olivia, (ſaid he, in a low, and mournful voice,) is the recollection of the lover, to exclude all pity, and care for the relation: our unfortunate conſanguinity, has baniſhed every tender claim of paſſion; but muſt the conſciouſneſs of that paſſion, forbid all thought, and conſideration,

for

for one ſo nearly allied to you. His words had the deſired effect, I ſupported him on my boſom: I was not ſenſible of guilt, yet I bluſhed, and was exceedingly embarraſſed, I felt myſelf in a very awkward ſituation, and the entrance of a third perſon, would have added to my confuſion: he made me a thouſand times repeat, that I pittied his hopeleſs affection: every aſſurance appeared to give him pleaſure. But my dear Eliza, I bluſh to relate, even to you, the guilty preſumption of which he was capable; he dared to attempt liberties, very inconſiſtent with delicacy,

and

and what he owed both to himſelf and me: yes, he attempted the ſeduction of his Brother's only child, and ſought to repay her compaſſion, and grief for his ſufferings, by perpetual infamy, and almoſt unheard of guilt. Softened as I was at the diſtreſs I had been a witneſs too. Yet I repulſed him with the utmoſt indignation; that fear of offending, which ever attends on real love, conquered even the impetuoſity of paſſion. He immediately deſiſted, he conjured me to forgive him, I promiſed him my pardon, on condition that he would inſtantly leave me, and return to

Dover,

Dover, to this he conſented, but entreated me not to inform my Father, that I had ſeen him. My Brother ſaid he would ridicule, and deſpiſe a weakneſs which he never felt, and now Olivia for the laſt time, let me implore your pity, may every felicity be yours, and may you generouſly forget the guilt of the wretched Seymour, and only remember his miſery. Let not the recollection of my offences, harden your heart againſt my ſufferings, my fault was that of madneſs, I was at that time deprived of my ſenſes, but believe me you cannot reflect on my crime

with

with more abhorrence, than I myſelf, do at this inſtant: let that guilty moment be buried in eternal oblivion, but I conjure you, never, never, to forget, the exceſs of my paſſion, my grief, and my deſpair. Saying this, he preſt my hand, and with a ſigh, (that appeared to rend his heart,) haſtily tore himſelf from me, and threw himſelf into the chaiſe which had waited for him, and was out of ſight in an inſtant.

I have complied with his requeſt, and not informed my Father of his return. My dear Eliza,

I deteſt

I deteſt even the appearance of diſſimulation, and am ſure I ought not to have any concealments, from ſo kind, ſo affectionate a parent. Promiſes ſhould not be haſtily given: but once given, in my opinion there is not any circumſtance, which can juſtify a violation of them. Heaven guard my heart from love; for as I have given my word, without my Uncles concurrence, I can never marry, and I am pretty confident that I ſhould never obtain his conſent. Indeed when I conſider the fatal, deſtructive effects of that paſſion, I wiſh

ever

ever to eſcape it, and join with Mrs. Greville in ſaying,

"I aſk no kind returns of love,
"No tempting charm to pleaſe;
"Far from this heart ſuch gifts remove,
"That ſighs for peace, and eaſe.

"Not peace, nor eaſe, that heart can (know,
"Which like the needle true;
"Turns at the touch of joy and woe,
"But turning, trembles too."

My ſentiments perfectly coincide with hers, and I am tempted to believe, that indifference alone conſtitutes tranquility. How my impetuous Uncle would rave, if he

he heard that expreſſion—his every paſſion is carried to ſuch a tumultuous exceſs, that he has terrified me, even from the very thoughts of love.—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ſincerely and affectionately your's

Olivia Seymour.

Miſs BYRON,

TO

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT.

I HAD the weakneſs and preſumption to flatter myſelf, that ſome remains of your former tenderneſs, would have induced you, to have favoured me with a viſit—but I was unfortunately diſappointed, and miſtaken, in that conjecture. Could I have ever believed it poſſible, that my

my intreaties to Sir Charles Mordaunt would be diſregarded; that he would reject my moſt earneſt ſolicitations, and remain obſtinately inflexible to my wiſhes; my advances towards a reconciliation; but I am too ſenſible of the cauſe.—Your heart, your affections, are entirely eſtranged from me, and diſguſted with the former levity of my conduct, you are indifferent whether the preſent proceeds from artifice or fondneſs. Is it ſo difficult to forgive the faults of vanity and folly? If you loved me you would be leſs ſevere; your own heart would join with me, and conquer

that ſtubborn, relentleſs anger, to which I am the victim. Heaven is my witneſs, that I wiſh not a ſecond time to deceive you. Your diſtreſs, or grief would make me wretched, but your death would break my heart. Oh! Mordaunt, the woman for your ſake, forgoes the privileges and rights of her ſex, and turns a ſuppliant, and ſuitor to you; muſt ſhe be entirely diſregarded; muſt the proudeſt heart that yet ſtoops to you, and which nothing but affection could overcome, be rejected with ſcorn, and indifference; ſurely it is impoſſible, and I expect from your conſideration

and

and humanity, what your love denies me. You aſk me by what means, I can convince you of my ſincerity. Mordaunt, ought not this letter to be an inconteſtible proof of it? What but the moſt fervent, the moſt tender paſſion, could conquer that baſhful reſerve, that timid modeſty, and feminine delicacy, which you cannot accuſe me of ever violating, but in the preſent inſtance; let that plead for me, and believe me, that though impelled by affection, twas long, very long before I could overcome my reluctance to write to you. Oh! then let it be ſucceſsful. Let not

your diſregard, and contempt be the puniſhment for the impropriety of my conduct; let me be wretched, but do not let me owe my miſery to Mordaunt. You ſay that you ſtill love me; I will not doubt it; the belief is too flattering, too pleaſing to my heart; yield then to our mutual tenderneſs, and ſacrifice your reſentment to your own happineſs and to mine; to ſay that you are only conducive to my peace, is too languid, too cold an expreſſion; it is alone dependant on yourſelf. You are the arbiter of my fate, and can exalt me to the moſt perfect felicity, or conſign me to the greateſt wretch-

wretchedneſs. I acknowledge that confidence, and a reliance on each others fidelity, conſtitutes the pleaſure of every attachment, and that without it all peace and tranquility is at an end; the moſt violent paſſion will not compenſate for the want of eſteem: and believe me Sir Charles, that if you are not by this letter perfectly aſſured of the exceſs and ſincerity of my tenderneſs, that a renewal of your former affection would only make me wretched.

Reflect on what I have wrote, and favour me with an anſwer.

Sir

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

TO

Miſs HARCOURT,

HOW perfectly conſiſtent was the charming Miſs Harcourt's letter, with that candour, and generoſity, which diſplays itſelf in all her actions, and how deteſtible is that wretch, who could give a moments pain, to ſo noble, ſo delicate, ſo ſympathyſing a heart, as

as hers. Let weaker minds endeavour to awaken us to a conſciouſneſs of our errors, by reproaches, and invectives, which only tend to harden the heart, they wiſh to reform. You have found a more prevailing, a more effectual method, and by your noble forgiveneſs, make us ſenſible of remorſe, ſhame, and contrition, for having even in thought, injured you. Oh! Emily, is it poſſible, that with faults, which juſtly make me the object of your deteſtation, that I am ſo bleſt, as to be conſidered as your friend. Your manner of pardoning, is even ſuperior

to

to the action itſelf: you have at once forgiven, and relieved me from the torments of anxiety, and ſuſpence, which too many of your ſex delight to inflict, and by that means, leſſen the value, and merit of every gift they confer. You conſider me as your friend, never will I give you cauſe to repent your goodneſs: when I do, may I be forſaken by heaven and earth: I mean to take the liberty of waiting on you to-morrow; 'till when adieu: and believe me the recollection of your virtues will ever live in my heart, and ſtimulate me,

me, to endeavour to become worthy the friendſhip of the beſt, and moſt amiable of her ſex.

HENRY

HENRY SEYMOUR, Eſq.

TO

CHARLES MACKENSIE, Eſq.

YOU will ſee my dear Mackenſie by the date of this, that I do not intend putting my firſt reſolution in practice. I ſhall not return to London, and at this place, I am as effectually ſeperated from Olivia, as if the whole univerſe was between us; do not expect

expect from me any account of our interview; I cannot give it ;—if I did you would bluſh at the weakneſs of your friend, and execrate his guilt; yet how can I refrain from informing you of it, cuſtom has made it ſo natural to me to reveal every thing to you, a long confidence has baniſhed all caution, and diſtruſt, that even tho' aſſured of your condemnation, I cannot prevail on myſelf to be ſilent, or to have one concealment from you. At the time I mentioned to you (in my laſt) I left Dover, I cannot deſcribe to you my reflections on the journey, they were all as wild, as

tumultuous, and irregular, as the paſſion which impelled me to make it. On my arrival at my Brother's houſe, I did not ſtay to aſk one queſtion of the ſervant who opened the door, but abruptly, and haſtily ruſhed into the room where my brother generally ſat, and found Olivia entirely alone; ſhe was in the utmoſt ſurprize, and conſternation at my unexpected appearance; but ſurprize, and conſternation, ſoon gave way to pity and compaſſion, ſhe liſtened to me with the moſt ſoothing, the moſt flattering attention; her countenance was expreſſive of the moſt tender anxiety, and

every

every word was calculated to compoſe, and bleſs me; ſhe gave me her moſt ſolemn promiſe, never to contract any laſting engagement, without my conſent, and approbation; ſhe ſympathized in my diſtreſs with a tenderneſs which has made her more dear to me than ever; bleſt as I was with her kind, her affectionate conſideration, convinced that ſhe believed my paſſion ſincere, and felt for what ſhe ſaw I ſuffered, could you believe it Mackenſie that your friend would forego thoſe advantages, and act in a manner to make himſelf deſpiſed, and deteſted by her? What curſt infa-

tuation ſeized me to forget in one moment, my honour, juſtice, and fling from me the bleſſings I had obtained, which trivial as they were, was yet all the happineſs that I poſſeſſed. Almoſt ſinking from the agitations I had undergone, and ſcarcely able to ſupport myſelf, I entreated Olivia to allow me to lean on her breaſt, with ſome hefitation ſhe conſented;—I ſwear to you my dear Charles, that my thoughts were at firſt as pure, and ſpotleſs as her own angel boſom; but they did not long remain ſo,—Oh! do not blame me, reclined on her breaſt, my arms claſped round her waiſt, her cheek

almoſt

almoſt preſt to mine, her balmy breath which I felt upon my lips, loving to the exceſs which I did, and in ſuch an attitude, is it to be wondered, that honour, virtue, every thing ſhould be forgot in the wild delirium of paſſion, I preſt her with fervour to my heart, my lips ſought hers with an eagerneſs which too plainly demonſtrated the emotions of my ſoul: ſhe attempted to leave me, I conſtrained her to ſtay; I forced myſelf into her arms. Yet Charles at that moment, when paſſion was carried to ſuch a raging heighth, that death would have been far preferable to diſappointment;

even then I liſtened to, and obeyed the voice of virtue, or rather that of love; I could not perſiſt in diſpleaſing Olivia, and though I would almoſt have ſacrificed my ſoul for the attainment of her, I had not reſolution to perſevere; the tone of her voice was ſo expreſſive of anger, grief, and terror, that I immediately deſiſted—deſiſted, Mackenſie, when ſhe was entirely in my power, and all her reſiſtance would have been unavailing; but whether am I wandering? do not imagine my dear Charles that I arrogate to myſelf any merit from that denial; had I poſſeſſed her, I ſhould have

ſunk

ſunk the tender, the reſpectful lover, to the brutal, the unfeeling raviſher. On every occaſion Seymour ſhould be her protector and defender, and ſave her even from himſelf; he was only actuated by a temporary madneſs; and had he accompliſhed his intention, and yielded to the delirium of it; the firſt moment of returning reaſon, would have compelled him to have deſtroyed himſelf, nor could he have exiſted one inſtant after the commiſſion of ſo baſe, ſo cruel, ſo guilty an action: but thank heaven love which firſt inſpired the horrid thought, alſo conquered it. Do not condemn

me

me Charles; the ſituation was too inviting; my feelings were irreſiſtible; but at the moment they had reached their greateſt height, I triumphed over and ſubdued them. In this place I mean to continue; It is the wiſh of my friends, that I ſhould abſent myſelf from Olivia, nor is it of the leaſt conſequence, provided I am ſeparated from her, what part of the world contains me. Why therefore ſhould I trouble myſelf with traveling, with eternally carrying to new ſcenes, and foreign countries, a diſcontented mind, and a breaking heart: here will I fix my reſidence. I have bought a ſmall

eſtate

eſtate, and ſhall give myſelf up as much as poſſible to the cultivation and improvement of it. I feel myſelf much better ſatisfied at the thoughts of remaining here, than in the idea of travelling. Adieu, to your friendſhip, I truſt for the extenuation of my faults, but alas, I fear Olivia will not ſo eaſily forgive. She will reflect on my offence, with a cruel ſatisfaction, and conſider it as a ſufficient juſtification of her former neglect and diſregard. But I muſt abſolutely force myſelf to lay down my pen, for if ſhe is the ſubject I could write for ever.

Henry Seymour.

Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT,

TO

Miſs. BYRON,

IF you knew the difficulty with which I reſtrained myſelf from viſiting you, you would not impute my abſence either to an eſtrangment of affection, or the want of an inclination, or wiſh to ſee you. You aſk me if it is difficult to forgive the faults of vanity, and folly the

the infidelity, and inconſtancy of thoſe we love, it is indeed a very hard taſk to pardon, and if we ever do it, it is ſtill impoſſible entirely to overcome the recollection; I can pardon every injuſtice, and injury when done by one, to whom I am indifferent; but they ſink too deeply into the ſoul, when they come from a friend, or miſtreſs, and leave an impreſſion, which no length of time can entirely eradicate: heaven knows that I do not harbour any anger, or reſentment againſt you you almoſt broke my heart, yet I never reproached you; but that time is paſt, your ſorrow, and contrition

trition for what you made me ſuffer, is an ample compenſation, and attonement: yes my deareſt Louiſa,

Diſtruſt once more I'll baniſh from my breaſt,
No more thy paſſion will I diſbelieve;
Again with fond credulity be bleſt,
Confide in thee, nor fear to be deceiv'd.

Thy former conduct ne'er ſhall give me pain,
'Twas but the caprice of a female mind;
'Twas but to rivet faſter on my chain,
To make thy ſmiles more ſweet, thy love more kind.

In gentle whiſpers ſay again I love,
Let me in extaſies, and rapture live;

Thoughts

Thoughts of thy falſhood, ne'er my heart
ſhall move,
They cannot love, who know not to for-
give.

This truth Louiſa I to thee confeſs,
I'd ſooner die, than thou ſhouldſt e'er com-
plain;
I'm only happy when my fair I bleſs,
My heart would break if thou didſt ſuf-
fer pain.

Too exquiſite the pleaſure that I prove,
A joy ſo great few mortals can obtain;
I feel the tranſports of a mutual love,
And quite forget I ever ſuffered pain.

I am as you ſee but a poor Poet, though a faithful and affectionate lover; let that excuſe my

want of genius: the faults of the heart alone, are unjuſtifiable, and of mine Louiſa never had, nor ſhall have, juſt reaſon to complain; it has ever been tenderly devoted, and attached to you, and however faulty and blameable in my conduct to others, to you, it has ever been irreproachable. I do not doubt your ſincerity, but tell me from what cauſe this change in your ſentiments proceeds: whilſt I loved with an ardour, which muſt have convinced you, that my very exiſtence was dependent on your affection, you treated me with the utmoſt diſregard; it is not

not my wiſh, or intention to recur to paſt ſcenes; nor do I mean to reproach, or condemn you for your former conduct; I only wiſh to be acquainted with the cauſe that has occaſioned this ſurprizing alteration, and made you feel a tenderneſs for me, at a time, when it was moſt natural for you to believe, and imagine that you was an object of perfect indifference to me, and when the perfidy, and injuſtice of my conduct to others, made me unworthy of your leaſt care, or conſideration. Mine is an unexampled, unprecedented conſtancy, and ſcarcely to

be equalled, even in the regions of romance; however, I am happy that it is at laſt rewarded, and will reſt contented with the felicity, without inquiring too minutely into the motives which occaſioned it. My natural temper is not either jealous, or ſuſpicious, I am above the meaneſs of diſtruſt, I place an unbounded, unlimited confidence, in thoſe I love, which no chimercial fancy of my own, or malicious inſtigation of another, is able to conquer. I must have incontrovertible proofs that I am deceived, before I can entertain a doubt, or fear of diſ-

ſimula-

ſimulation; but once betrayed my former truſt; reliance, is ſcarcely ever to be regained, excepting the preſent inſtance, I ſhould ſay, that after having experienced falſhood, I never can believe again; but if it is a weakneſs once more to confide in you, you ought neither to deſpiſe, or condemn me for it; you have taken uncommon pains to impoſe on my credulity, and ſurely it is impoſſible that nature ſhould have formed a heart, capable of ſuch complicated cruelty, meaneſs and baſeneſs, as yours muſt be, if you are a ſecond

time

time deceiving me. I yield my heart to you: I return with pleaſure to thoſe engagements which were never violated by me, and the breaking of which, had nearly deprived me of my exiſtence.—— And now my dearest Louiſa, let every painful recollection, entirely and for ever be baniſhed from our minds. I will believe that you was ever constant, and that our long and cruel ſeparation, was owing to unavoidable circumstances, in which neither were blameable. If affection can contribute to your happineſs, rest aſſured,

that

that it is not poſſible to love with a more fervent fondneſs, than does your faithful,

Mordaunt.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.